

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, No. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

Saturday, March 21, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

(CONTINUED.)

SHE received them with her accustomed politeness, though not without blushing, and fluttering, as she observed to Don Lopez—"Your lordship is a stranger indeed."

"I am so, madam," replied he, "having been some days out of town, turning knight-errant, to deliver a distressed beauty from captivity.—I have had the inexpressible pleasure to rescue *your* lovely young friend, ADELAIDE, from the hands of her ravishers; and to place her with my sister, the Marchioness de Guzman, who will, I am sure, treat her suitably to her merits."

The shame and confusion depicted in the countenance of the lady, beggars all description; she attempted to speak, but the words died on her tongue. The governor enjoyed her painful embarrassment.

A short desultory conversation took place after this, in which she mentioned her intention to leave Estella, the moment her *amiable friend*, (Padilla), could travel, who had kindly promised to accompany her to Grenada.

Don Lopez, who had his own reasons not to irritate her, or openly avow his knowledge of her duplicity, shortened his visit, by politely taking leave.

Don Felix chose to remain, which compliment was very gratifying to the countess. He hoped, by management, to make her an associate in his own schemes, and turn her irregular passions to his advantage.

It was not long before Donna Padilla

sent word to the countess of the unlucky termination of their well-concerted scheme, and requested she would leave Estella, and come to her.

For some moments she was petrified, but on recovering, she vented her rage in curses on herself, Donna Padilla, and above all, on ADELAIDE; whom she now hated worse than ever, as the cause of her disgrace, and on whom she vowed vengeance, in proportion to the evils she had brought upon her.

When the first tumults were over, and the violence of rage had expended itself, she sat down to consider what step she should pursue.—As to Donna Padilla, she no longer thought it necessary to keep terms with her; she was freed from the presence of ADELAIDE, and that was her first wish: the next was to travel further into Spain, and Don Felix for her escort.

Don Felix, though perfectly convinced of the worthlessness of the countess—of her envy and hatred to ADELAIDE; yet had not candour to believe, a young unprotected, persecuted girl, would decline a situation, that must lift her into consequence, from principles of honour alone. He entered not into her sentiments or character, but considered her, as a beautiful girl, who apparently belonged to no one; and therefore was a fit object for a licentious passion. This inhuman and ungenerous conclusion, so degrading to honour and feeling, governed his determinations; and the known depravity and weakness of the countess, afforded him hopes of finding in her a willing associate to humble the merits she had feared and hated. Under this idea, he coincided with her opinions, joined in her ridicule, and spoke most contemptuously of Adelaide; and proposed to her, by way of mortifying the Governor, that they should stop at Judella, and pay

a visit to the Marchioness de Guzman, without mentioning their intention to him. "Politeness," added he, "will not permit her to decline seeing you; 'tis impossible the girl can make any objections."

Without entering into his motives for this proposal, the countess acquiesced in it at once; and the day after the next was fixed on for beginning their tour.

The Governor, thoroughly disgusted by her sentiments and duplicity, felt not a little pleased to hear of her intended departure, that he might be relieved from paying an external politeness that his heart disavowed.

[In the mean time ADELAIDE and her generous friend, had enjoyed many pleasant hours; her mind had become soothed by the kindness and attention of the marchioness.] One day they were in a room which opened into the garden, sitting at work, and inhaling the sweets that proceeded from a quantity of beautiful shrubs around them, when a servant entered, and told his lady, there were visitors at the gate, in a carriage, attended by servants, who, on being informed the Marchioness was at home, seemed to be alighting without ceremony, though they were perfect strangers to him. Surprise entirely overcame both ladies; and the visitors entered before they had recovered themselves. The countess entered with all the freedom imaginable. "You will pardon this intrusion, madam." She stopped abruptly; the eyes of both ladies were fixed upon each other, and both in the same moment, exclaimed—"The Countess D'Ossuna!" "The Baroness D'Foulanges!"

The Marchioness was still standing; two or three convulsive sighs reached her ears, and ADELAIDE fell senseless by her side. Excessively alarmed, she called for help, and turning to the countess,—

"You see, madam, the disorder your presence has occasioned, and you must know, how very unwelcome you are to me."

Adelaide opened her eyes, and they fell on the countess: she hid her face in the bosom of her friend.

"Hide me! cover me up!" cried she, "take me from a sight that will cause instant destruction!"

Her emotions were so violent, that the Marchioness had her conveyed from the room, herself attending, regardless of the others.

"What does all this mean?" cried Don Felix, "we are treated here very unceremoniously;—why is this girl so strangely affected? or why does the lady of the house behave so rudely?"

"You ask so many questions in a breath," answered the countess, pettishly, "that it requires more than one tongue to answer you. The airs this impertinent girl gives herself I do not comprehend. As to the lady of the mansion, I have stumbled on an old acquaintance, which both parties would gladly have avoided. The change of names must account for my recognizing the Countess D'Ossuna, in the Marchioness de Guzman—We cut a mighty absurd appearance here, I think."

That moment the Marchioness entered the room, with an air equally solemn and disdainful. "I feel, madam," said she, "some reluctance, in my own house, to be under the necessity of speaking disagreeable truths: you must be conscious that your presence here is an insult to me, and therefore cannot wonder, if I waive all ceremony, and give orders for your carriage. I am extremely sorry, Signor, that as a companion to this lady—"

"Stop, madam!" cried the countess, interrupting her, in a voice choked with passion, "stop! nor presume thus to insult me and my friend.—If you had a ridiculous foolish dupe for your son, the fault lay between nature and you. I made him not what he was; and did him but too much honour in permitting his visits; that is the whole amount of your charges against me."

In short, so insolently abusive were her invectives, that the Marchioness rung the bell, and on the entrance of the servant, ordered him to attend that lady to her carriage.

Don Felix, who had stood a very awkward witness of this scene, saw it was in vain to contend, or hope for any present success to his schemes; taking the countess by the hand.

"Let us go, madam, let us leave this inhospitable lady to repent at leisure of her delusion, and suffer the consequences of her credulity, in being imposed upon by an artful girl."

Incapable of speaking distinctly from the violence of her agitations, the countess flounced out of the room, muttering vows of vengeance upon poor Adelaide, and her kind protectress.

No sooner were they gone, than the Marchioness returned to her young friend, very greatly agitated.

"Indignation and contempt," said she, "supported my spirits while in the presence of that woman; but painful remembrances

crowd thick upon my heart, and overwhelm me with sorrow. Little did I conceive the Countess le Marr could be that infamous Baroness de Foulanges, the original cause of all my misery."

"And mine!" cried Adelaide: "detestable woman, horrid name, that strikes terror to my heart! No wonder that heart always held back, repulsive, when I wished to feel affection and gratitude."

"How, my dear Adelaide," said the Marchioness, "did you know any thing of her by her former name?"

"Not personally, madam, but, too well I know she has been my bitterest enemy; and in a greater degree, the destroyer of my parents."

"Indeed," returned she; "You have raised my curiosity, I confess; but I can believe any thing of the woman. I heard a few years ago that she was in disgrace with her royal mistress; but I never made any enquiries whether she was restored to her favor before her death."

"Whose death?" asked Adelaide hastily.

"The queen mother of France, the Countess of Angoulesme."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Adelaide, starting up; is she dead? Ah! why did not this welcome intelligence reach the ears of my dearest father, before that fatal hour when he rambled from our cottage, and drew on us misery and death! Oh! my dear, dear father, one of your enemies is no more; but, alas! you are gone for ever from the wretched Adelaide."

A violent burst of sorrow stopped her voice; and the Marchioness was obliged to repress her own grief, and administer help and comfort to the afflicted girl.

"Dear madam," said she, "all obligations of secrecy are now at an end: No longer will I appear in a doubtful character: you shall know all my melancholy story, when I have acquired spirits for the relation."

"Recover yourself, my dear child," said the Marchioness, tenderly, "you are too greatly agitated now to enter upon painful subjects: however anxious I am to hear your story, I wish you to defer it, and, by rest and quiet, acquire more tranquil spirits. I leave you, my dear Adelaide, to rest; I must retire for a short time: my feelings are little less painful than your own. I wish to be alone, that I may endeavour to to subdue them, and meet you with composure."

She lay some hours on the bed, and only for the heavy sighs that now and then issued from her bosom, might have been thought to sleep.

The Marchioness at length entered the room; Adelaide rose from her bed, and turned to look on her friend; their eyes met, and rendered all questions unnecessary: a deep melancholy clouded the features, a heavy languor dimmed the lustre of their eyes, and bespoke the mind but ill at ease. After sitting some time, and partaking of the refreshments considerably ordered for her, Adelaide, kissing the hand of her benefactress, said, "I am impatient to lay my heart open before you, to unveil the mystery that has hung over me, and prove myself not unworthy of your generous protec-

tion. Painful as the recital must be, yet the secrecy I have hitherto observed, has laid heavy upon my mind, because it subjected me to unfavourable conjectures I was not at liberty to remove. The story I have to unfold, will be too prolix for me to relate, or for you to hear: I will, therefore, if you please, endeavour to commit the melancholy relation to paper; it will be less painful to myself; you may then read it, and lay it aside when you are satisfied, at pleasure."

"Do so, my sweet friend, replied the Marchioness, "whenever leisure or inclination permits you to make the effort, which must be a very painful one to a heart of sensibility like yours."

Adelaide seized every moment to employ her pen in the afflicting task she had undertaken; and in two days completed, and delivered the following manuscript to her benefactress.

The Memoir of Adelaide.

"MY father was descended from a very ancient and honourable family, his title the Count D'Beauvais. He was generally allowed to be the handsomest man that graced the court when Francis took possession of the throne," exclaimed the marchioness, "tho' not much above 18. Before he was 20, he married Adelaide, niece to the Count de Noailles, whose birth and beauty were the only public claims she had to admiration, and no doubt were the first attractions with a young and handsome man, but he soon found that those advantages were but secondary ones to the charms of her temper, the brilliancy of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. He had judgment enough to distinguish and admire her mental accomplishments, and fortune being no object with him, they were united by the ties of affection, and the general approbation of their friends."

"Perhaps, madam, the character of Francis, and the intrigues of his court, are perfectly known to you. He devoted on his mother, Louisa, the Countess of Angoulesme, whose unbounded influence over him, occasioned all his excesses."

"Young and ambitious, he determined to conquer Milan. My father accompanied his royal master. They encamped within a league of the city, where an obstinate and bloody battle was fought. During the conflict, the king, who rushed with intrepidity in the midst of danger, had his horse killed under him; another moment would have seen him trampled to death. My father saw the imminent danger; leaped from his horse; preserved his master, and exposed himself to a host of foes. The king sprung upon a horse, and charged them bravely; providentially a large party of his friends galloped up in that critical moment, to save the lives of both. Night came on, and the battle was suspended. Francis embraced my father, and called him the preserver of his life: as such he presented him to his surrounding friends, and vowed eternal gratitude."

"At the conclusion of the war, after the surrender of Milan, the king returned to France, and presented the Count de Beauvais in such flattering terms to the queen and

his mother, as could not fail of being highly gratifying to him, and raised no small share of envy in the bosom of the then reigning favourite, Admiral Bonivet.

"My father went into the country, to enjoy, in the bosom of his friends, his well-earned reputation; and there, on a visit, he first saw my mother. Hearts, like theirs, were not long in assimilating, and they were united, with the warmest approbation of their friends.

"For five years they enjoyed the sweets of domestic life, nor could any allurements draw them to the court. During this blissful period I was born. Before her health was restored, my father received an order to attend the king on another warlike expedition.

"This was a severe blow to both, but it could neither be evaded nor disobeyed, and after a severe conflict between love and duty, my father repaired to court.

"I pass over near four years that were spent in different expeditions; during which time my parents had never seen each other, but twice, and that very transiently; but the tenderest affection reigned in both their hearts.

"It was at this period that the king of England was invited over to France, and the two monarchs met in the plain near Calais. With much delight I have heard my father describe the grandeur and splendid magnificence displayed by both nations at this interview; tilts, tournaments, and every species of show and gallantry, took up all attention.

"It was at one of these tournaments that the Count de Beauvais was allowed to excel, and carry off the prize with such distinguished éclat, that, from that hour, he captivated the hearts of the king's mother, Louisa, and her then chief favourite, the Baroness D'Foulanges.

"When the interview was at an end, and the gay monarchs returned to their capital, my father asked permission to repair also to the bosom of his family.

Unfortunately Louisa entered at the moment he made his request, and instantly opposed it.

"How count, do you think of leaving us? we cannot consent to lose the ornament of our court, the preserver of our sovereign, and the favourite of the ladies:—no sir," said she, addressing Francis, "rather request the count's family to visit the court: we cannot do them too much honour: besides, from the reputation of the countess of Beauvais's beauty and accomplishments, she will add lustre to the brilliancy of your circle."

"This last insidious observation carried its point. Francis requested, in a manner, that however affectionate in appearance, amounted to a command, that the countess de Beauvais should repair to court.

"My father was obliged to comply with an order truly repugnant to his inclinations, nor was the intimation of the king's pleasure attended with less pain to my mother. Extremely concerned at the necessity which demanded her attendance, foreboding sorrow seized on her heart, at the moment she took leave of her surrounding friends; and these feelings accompanied her throughout

her journey to the capital. I pass over the meeting of two affectionate hearts, and the caresses my father bestowed on their little darling, Adelaide. I was then turned of seven years old; and, having experienced the whole attention of a most accomplished and tender parent, at that early age I was much better informed than some children of ten or twelve.

"Near a week was given to love and confidence, after so long an absence: and, though my father had daily paid his duty to the king, he had contented himself with enquiries after my mother, without commanding her presence, and she was determined not voluntarily to attend.

"One morning a billet was put into his hand, as he was going to the king's closet, by a man who instantly disappeared. He opened it in some surprise; the contents were these: "Why are you wilfully blind? the most brilliant fate awaits you: lift your eyes to the most elevated situation, you will read love and tenderness, you may command power and fortune."

"Astonishment and indignation were his first emotions:—curiosity, and a desire of mortifying, his second. He had no doubt but the billet came from the favourite, the Baroness de Foulanges: he had remarked her glances, and more than once had been addressed by some equivocal expressions, that he chose not to interpret in the sense they were intended to convey.

"The countess of Angoulesme was with the king when he entered the closet, overwhelmed with chagrin; the traces were so visible in his countenance, that his majesty exclaimed, "Are you ill, Count?"

"No sire," he replied; and, turning to make his devoirs to Louisa, he encountered such a look, that his words faltered on his tongue.

"Heaven forbid," said she, with energy, "that our beloved friend should ail any thing! the man whom love and fortune favours, should be superior to the infirmities of nature."

"These words, and the looks that directed them to the heart, at once convinced my father that he had mistaken the writer of the billet, and that he was still more unfortunate than he at first thought himself.

"Before he could recover from his confusion, the king added, "Well remembered, Count, when are we to be favoured with the presence of the countess? Do you know I am impatient to see her?"

"My father replied, with some hesitation, "that she would very soon pay her duty at court, but, that having lived so long in retirement, some preparations were necessary, also some information on etiquette, with which she was perfectly unacquainted."

"Then turning to another gentleman, who had just entered, Louisa drew near; "My good friend," said she, in a whisper, "one would suppose you had met with a disagreeable occurrence this morning; let your senses be enlightened, and you have every thing to expect, that the most extravagant fancy can form."—"She passed out of the closet, and he very soon took leave of the king, walking towards the gallery where he wished to be alone, and recover

recover from his surprise and vexation. He had not walked five minutes, before a door opening, which led to a private stair-case, the Baroness de Foulanges entered, and instantly joined him. She rallied him at first on the discomposure too visible in his features; assured him he was in love; bid him not despair; it was impossible his mistress could be so cruel, at least, added she, if she entertains the same sentiments towards you that I do, believe me you have nothing to fear, however exalted her rank and station: another day, my poor count, you shall make me your confidant; at this unlucky moment I am called elsewhere.

"She quickly passed through the gallery, and left him almost petrified. He now saw the danger of his situation; he both despised and feared those women; if he trusted to the evidence of his senses, the Baroness was fond of him herself; yet sometimes he thought it possible she might be employed as an emissary by Louisa: either way, he had every thing to dread from the violence of their passions, which were pretty generally known.

"At length my mother was introduced at court, and immediately superceded the Countess of Chateau Briant in the affections of the king.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON INNOCENCE.

O Innocence! how glorious and happy a portion art thou to the breast that possesses thee! Thou fearest neither the eyes, nor the tongues of men—truth is thy strongest friend, and the brighter the light in which thou art displayed, the more it discovers thy transcendent beauties. Guilt, on the contrary, like a base thief suspects every eye that beholds him, to be privy to his crimes, and every tongue that mentions his name to be proclaiming them—Fraud and falsehood are his weak and treacherous allies, and he lurks trembling in the dark, dreading every ray of light, lest it should discover him and give him up to shame and punishment.

The poorest should console themselves, that though few of the good things of life are their lot—INNOCENCE, is always within their power; for though fortune can make a man unhappy, she can never make him completely and irreparably miserable, without his own consent.

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For the *Philadelphia Repository*.

Commentator, No. 2.

"—One master passion in the breast,
"Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."

"Nature its mother, habit is its nurse,
"Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse."

POPE.

I HAVE often reflected upon the above lines of the "Prince of Poets," and every day's observation confirms the truth of the two first; indeed, his remarks on mankind were generally accurate, and few men possessed so complete a knowledge of the human heart. When we see any person conspicuous for the exercise of any one passion, it appears that almost every other is absorbed by it; though it may be owing to our overlooking them. Avarice is a passion which, when it becomes predominant in the human breast, banishes or absorbs every noble or ignoble sentiment.—"It permits no rival brother to stand near the throne;" but they are all lost in the one prevailing thirst after riches. The miser, provided it is gratified, cares for nothing else; he experiences the tortures of jealousy, but it is for his beloved gold—he is ambitious, but it is only to increase his store. With it are connected almost all the passions engrafted by nature on our dispositions; but they are all lost in the superior prevalence of the RULING PASSION. The hero, who to obtain honour and glory, sacrifices the lives of thousands to gratify the "master passion in his breast," is only desirous for its sole gratification; every other sentiment is subordinate to this; and although he would treat with abhorrence and contempt the idea of gratifying private revenge, for any injury done to himself, of whatever magnitude, by the assassination of his enemy, yet urged on by an insatiable thirst of glory, he would assist and encourage the murder of many, who were totally innocent, and on whom perhaps the subsistence of their wretched families depended. Of all the evils which are attended by consequences fatal to the happiness of society, a man, who is ambitious of "reaping laurels in the blood-stained field," is certainly the greatest. Incalculable are the effects of war, whose source is in ambition, and whose end is misery.

The all-wise Creator of man, when he implanted the passions in his breast, gave unto each an equal degree of power, to check and restrain mutually, that so his

wise balance might be preserved, and neither preponderate. Some have supposed that man is born with a "master passion," which "grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;" and of this class is the celebrated POPE, as may be seen by his sentiments quoted above; and however presumptuous it may seem to oppose my own opinion, the opinion of one whom nobody knows, nor probably wishes to know, to that of so great a man, yet I cannot think that Divine Wisdom when creating its own image, could give one passion the ascendancy over the rest, and thus lay the foundation on which man builds most frequently his unhappiness. No; 'tis education that destroys the equilibrium, and by giving one passion the rule, makes all the others only subservient to its gratification. Thus when we enter on this stage of existence, our passions are in a dormant state, and without exertion on our part, they are kept in order, till something occurs which occasions an increase of power in one, which becomes despotic in the breast, and governs all the actions of man; his character is marked for ever—the tyranny of the ruling passion, directs all his movements, all his ideas, to the sole point of its gratification. In the meridian of life it is conspicuous in all his actions, and at the close of existence, burns with as much fury, as when endowed with all the faculties of vigorous maturity; because by so long confining all his attention to it, and making all his happiness consist in it, it becomes absolutely necessary to his existence. POPE, in his moral essays, gives a diverting description of its effects exemplified, but he very erroneously supposes that

"Nature its mother, habit is its nurse."

And if it was a correct supposition, he ought to have pitied what he could not mend, and leave Nature to her course, instead of satirizing her failings. If education is not the spring that rous'd the slumbering passion, and call'd it into existence, or at least into an active state, useless were all his endeavours to correct the evil, for the faults of nature are almost incorrigible, though we find some instances of the erasure of the blemishes she has cast in the disposition of man; but if it is the error of education, he might, by exposing the defects of the mode which tended to give one passion the sway, have contrived one which would restrict the passions, and keep them in an infant state, till reason had gained sufficient solidity and power to oppose and keep them in subjection, and make them subservient to the happiness of man, not

conducive to his misery. They, by tending to the right point, would prevent the prevalence of vice, and not suffer man to become wretched in himself, and useless to society, by submission to the lawless dictates of one "master of passion in the human breast." If I were possessed of talents sufficient to illustrate the subject more clearly, I might probably intrude still further on the patience of the public, but being obliged to acquiesce in the sentence of nature, who has been pleased to bestow but scanty abilities upon me, I have briefly stated my sentiments on the subject, and will leave to others, who have experienced the liberality of nature in a greater degree than myself, the option of giving or retaining a more minute investigation of the subject, and which it seems to demand.

J.

ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

A multiplicity of laws prevailing in any country, is a certain sign of the imbecility and imperfection of its legislation; a truth beautiful illustrated in the following Oriental Apologue.

A certain legislator, desirous of new-modelling the state, in order to attain his point with the greater dispatch, enacted laws without number. In the interim he fell sick, and his physician prescribed to him a quantity of different remedies at once—"Why this profusion of medicines?" cried the patient.—"To restore you to health the sooner," replied the doctor.—"But amidst so many remedies, must not some destroy the effect of others?"—"Pardon me, sir, I believe that I am wrong; but it was my intention to treat your malady in the same manner that you do the state."

CHOICE SENTENCES.

There is not on the whole surface of the earth, one barren or blighted spot, more perfectly dreary, than a human mind involved in ignorance, or benumbed with insensibility.

All knowledge is useless, except that which tends to make us wiser and better. That is the only proper education of youth, which, while it enlarges the understanding, improves the manners and purifies the heart.

THE LOTTERY.

A Lottery is a taxation,
Upon all the fools in creation;
For folly's a fund
Will never lose ground,—
While fools are so rife in the nation.

Plan of Female Education.

No. III.

TO become a child among children, is, to the man of much experience and scientific acquirements, a difficult task. It is once more visiting those paths which were traced by him in the morning of youth, again recollecting his ignorance and inattention, and the various steps by which he attained that degree of knowledge, which now renders life so agreeable—yet this must be done by every person who wishes to teach the young, of either sex, with advantage.

Experience has incontrovertibly proven, that men of very considerable abilities have failed in this important task; because they did not sufficiently attend to this grand rule. All their definitions were correct, their lectures well arranged, their language just and elegant; but all was adapted to the ability of men—their pupils did not understand, did not feel interested, and consequently remained uninformed.

That our fair pupil may not labour under like disadvantages, let her teacher be a man skilled in human nature, familiar, humane, of an easy address, gentle and winning in his behaviour, and, finally, capable of conveying his thoughts on any subject in such plain, simple, yet appropriate language, as

Shall make the child enraptur'd listen to his tale.

His first business will be the study of her temper and natural disposition—this must never be gone hastily over, the conclusions must be drawn from a number of observations accurately made; and the subject ought to be viewed in every possible circumstance. In this inquiry the greater care ought to be taken, because an error here is ever attended with very pernicious consequences. I have known a charming girl, possessed of the finest feelings, classed in the tutor's judgment with the *very weak minded*; an obstinate temper to be covered under the cloak of a *great spirit*; a heart almost rendered insensible to the feelings of humanity, made still more callous, by informing the misled child, that not to feel for the woes of others was *fortitude*, and evidenced a *heroic turn of mind*.

After our Eliza has been accurately weighed by her intelligent instructor, and her excellencies and blemishes placed in their proper light, whilst he carefully nourishes and encreases these of the first class, he must not, all at once endeavour to eradicate those of the other—to effect that, must be a work of time, carried on by slow degrees, with much temper and caution, aided by wisdom

and experience—Here I find it is necessary to consider our pupil in two points of view: First, if under the immediate care of her parents—Her teacher should make them acquainted with his observations, and the improvements he desires to make. The advantages will flow from this mode of procedure will be very many—parents and tutor will be equally engaged in carrying into effect the same plan, and undoubtedly the pupil will improve rapidly; but without this unity of sentiment and plan, what the teacher may plant the parent might pull, and what the parent might approve the teacher might think fit to blame—the child in this situation, only capable of knowing that the commands are contrary to each other, immediately concludes, either, that the tutor is a fool, and then adieu to improvement under his care, or that the thing is of little consequence, since her parents and he cannot agree about it—this collision of thought between parents and teacher is not ideal—fondly do I wish it were—for it is the bane of education. As a proof of this take a specimen. Not many weeks ago an eminent teacher of my acquaintance in this city, received the following billet from one of his employers.

"Sir,

"My son requested me this morning to buy him a Geography, and Ramsays History of America (I think he said), I request you, Sir, to teach him to read and spell, and cypher—I consider these other things are of no use—I know they are of none.

"So no more at present—"

A Gentleman who instructs ladies, received lately the following notice:

To Mr.—

"Sir,

"I never was more surprized than last night; seeing Maria very busy with a book, I looked into it, and found she was committing to memory something about signs, about a Ram, a Lion, a Bull, a He-goat—and a whole string of such nonsense, and all with outlandish names too—I laughed very heartily—but to be serious Sir, I wish no more of this trash. I said nothing about nouns, verbs and conjunctions, and all that, that have puzzled her to death—but this book that talks about Jupiter and Saturn, and Bulls and Rams, I am sure can be of no use to her.

"I am—

"W."

To Mr.—

"Sir,

"I assure you I am offended—my daughter told me this day that you made her sit half an hour in a corner of the room

"by herself for *only saying* that Miss A's father cheated his creditors, and paid them with a jail ticket—this, Sir, every body knows is true—my daughter is a girl of spirit, and, I will not have it curbed I assure you." X.

These abundantly prove, that the assertion of parents and teachers agreeing to carry into execution the same plan, is of the greatest importance, and this makes the teachers task of ten times not only arduous, but extremely disagreeable. To remedy this as much as possible, when his observations are laid before the parents, he must make use of all his address to bring them to his mind, if any difference of opinion exist; and if this be out of his power, he ought by no means to take charge of the child—if he do, it will be preparing a source of uneasiness for himself.

A FRIEND TO THE FAIR SEX.

P. S. I cannot for a moment indulge the thought, that IGNOTUS is serious in his remarks, or that he would wish me to digress so much from my plan, as to answer the illiberal cavils and ill-natured sarcasms which have been thrown out against female Education, by such a loose writer as *Congreve*.—I thank him for his compliments, and only inform him, that I do not write to exalt, but to *lower* them in their own opinion, (which, sir, is always the effect of true wisdom and real learning,) and to *raise* them in *ours*.

AN ANECDOTE OF Dr. JOHNSON.

ABOUT the close of the year 1754, Dr. Johnson had completed his copy of the Dictionary, not more to his own ease and satisfaction than to the joy of Millar, the bookseller, and principal proprietor of the work, and the guardian or treasurer of the fund out of which the payments were from time to time issued. To say the truth, his joy on the occasion was so great, that he could not refrain from expressing it somewhat intemperately, as appears by the following acknowledgment of the receipt of the last sheet of the manuscript.

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

To which Johnson returned this good-humoured, and brief answer:

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by his note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing."

The Temple of Hilarity.

AT a late examination of the senior class, in our College, a young man construed the following line in Horace, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius," (which is in English, "I have finished a monument more lasting than brass) thus: "I have eaten a monument harder than brass. One of the trustees immediately replied, "Well, Sir, I think you had better sit down and digest it."

A Captain who lately arrived at Boston, when going to the wharf, ordered an Irishman to throw over the buoy, and going below for a few minutes, called to his servant and asked him if he had thrown over the buoy. "No, Sir," says he, "and indeed I could not catch the boy, but I threw over the old cook!"

A schoolmaster in a neighbouring town, wishing to discover the talents of his scholars for geography, asked one of the youngest of them, "What STATE he lived in?" To which the boy replied, "A STATE of sin and misery."

A FREETHINKER, or would-be atheist, endeavouring, in company with two or three serious persons, to invalidate the doctrine of an over-ruling providence, saying "that all things came into being by chance; and with respect to a future state of rewards and punishments, it was only a whim to encourage methodism, or a bugbear to frighten old women and children." On which one of the gentlemen present replied, "if all things were made by chance, as you affirm Sir, how do you know but there may be a hell made by chance; and if so, and you should fall into it by chance, and so by chance be eternally miserable, what a damnable chance that would be?"

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

Looking over a file of your paper, I found in No. 9. a Rebus. If it has not already been explained, as I do not recollect of seeing it, the following is the explanation.

Beginning at the last word in the Rebus, and reading each column upwards, you have the following:

There is but only one,
And I am only he,
That loves but only one,
And you are only she;
Then say you unto me,
There is but only one,
And I am only she,
That loves but only one,
And you are only he.

NUTS!

A LAD who was well skilled in figures, being asked how many nuts he had; replied thus: If you add 24 to the $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{2}$ of the number I have, and extract the cube root of that sum, you will have the number of nuts less 27. K.

MR. HOGAN,

If you think the inclos'd worthy a place in your paper, I shall thank you to insert them, as they are intended to sharpen the calculating faculties of the nut crackers. Yours &c.

CAROLUS.

A POST is $\frac{1}{4}$ of its length in the mud, and $\frac{1}{3}$ of its length in the water, and 10 feet above the water, what is its whole length?

A Market-woman bought in a certain number of eggs at 2 a penny, and as many more at 3 a penny, and sold them all out again at 5 for 2 pence, and by so doing lost 4 pence: what number of eggs had she?

A Hare is 50 leaps before a Greyhound, and takes 4 leaps to the Greyhound's 3; but 2 of the Greyhound's leaps are equal to 3 of the Hare's; how many leaps must the Greyhound take to catch the Hare?

Question. A lad who has a quantity of apples, was asked by another how many he had, replies thus: If you quadruple $7\frac{1}{2}$ of the number I have got, add 43 to the product, and extract the cube-root of that sum, you have the number requested less 3. P.

The above easy questions are inserted for the encouragement of young beginners. Several other amusing ones, some in prose some in verse, are in the hands of the editor, and shall appear shortly.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE APPLES DIVIDED—

But as they appear to have been presented by an unknown hand, and fearful lest they might have been of the forbidden tree, the author of the question is requested to keep the share allotted for the youth, as an ample compensation for his own invention.

A moment's reflection will convince any person, that when any number is divided, as the question directs, that it increases or decreases, by the ratio $\frac{1}{2}$, and therefore may be done by Geometrical Progression. And as it is to be done by the least possible remainder without splitting, we will give the

Ra. D. Ra. M. Ra. F. Ra.

Groom $1 \times 2 = 2 \times 2 = 4 \times 2 = 8 \times 2 = 16 - 1$ the first term = 15 Ans.

Proof. $15 \div 2 = 7\frac{1}{2} = 8$ Father's share.

Then $15 - 8 = 7 \div 2 = 3\frac{1}{2} = 4$ Mother's.

Again $7 - 4 = 3 \div 2 = 1\frac{1}{2} = 2$ Daugh.

And $3 - 2 = 1 \div 2 = \frac{1}{2} = 1$ Groom's.

Again $1 - 1 = 0$ Author's.

"A pupil of Mr. Neal's" has also rightly divided the apples.

The Monitor.

ON EXAMPLE.

The most effectual method by which we can promote virtue and religion in others, is by being virtuous and religious ourselves. The degree in which the vicious man contributes to the general depravity, is not to be estimated merely by his actual vices; nor is he who is virtuous to be considered as adding his own virtue only to the public stock. In either case, it is scarce to be conceived previously, how far a little even will extend. The imitative nature of man, does not seem enough considered even by those whose conduct in most respects is truly virtuous. Virtue, to have its full effect, must not only exist, but be rendered visible. Yet many persons, anxious to avoid the imputation of hypocrisy, take pains to appear worse than they are. They treat some things, of which they have in their hearts a just esteem and reverence, with studied contempt and levity, and lightly censure others of which they have in reality a great and deserved abhorrence. This conduct, though proceeding from a respectable motive, is blameable for its ill-effects. An ostentatious display of good qualities is not, it must be owned, the mark of an amiable character, and is scarce perhaps consistent with a very considerable portion of them; but it is certainly less pernicious to society, than the opposite extreme. There are occasions on which it is our indispensable duty to make our light shine before men. It should be considered, that many who may be influenced by our sentiments, have no other way of discovering them than by our outward deportment. If they are misled by this, let us take care that it be more from their want of discernment, than from any just occasion we may afford them, and let us ever beware of the guilt which he incurs who willfully or negligently causeth his brother to offend.

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS,

For the Philadelphia Repository.

By C. W. DE LA TIENDA.

WHY are dunces like Conundrums?

Because that both are chiefly humdrums.

2. Why is our city like a window pray?

Because it is so full of squares they say.

3. Why are steam-engines like poor feeble man, (span)

Whose life's a vapour and whose day's a

Because a vapour is their life and soul,

Which gives them motion and which moves the whole.

PHILADELPHIA, March 21.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor would have no objections to inserting the reply of "C. R. Candidus" to a "Spectator," were he not apprehensive it would lead to a second answer, and that probably to a third reply—neither beneficial to his readers, nor satisfactory to the gentlemen themselves.

"R. G." has the editor's thanks for his selections—He feels his obligations to those gentlemen, who, in the course of their reading, select and copy articles calculated for the instruction or amusement of his readers, as well as to those who favour him with original communications.

"Ignotus" is informed, in answer to his query, that those pieces he wishes to appear the same week they are handed in, should be dropped in the box on Monday; but at the same time, should they happen to be lengthy, he cannot always promise their insertion, as arrangements are frequently made, from previous communications, which occupy the principal part of the ensuing number: they shall, however, receive the earliest attention possible.

"Rigdon Junidos," is requested to furnish an answer to the Riddle, proposed by him in the 13th number, as none of the modern *Magi* appear adequate to the task.

"Twice-Eight," in working the "Question for Bachelors," instead of deducting the $\frac{1}{2}$ spent on the wife and daughter, from the $\frac{1}{2}$ laid by, should have subtracted it from the original legacy minus 94l.—this appears to have been only oversight, as the process is otherwise correct. If the writer will permit the editor to make a small alteration in the verses, in order to introduce his *bride's* true portion, they shall appear next week.

"X-Y's" answer to the above question, came too late for this number.

The editor acknowledges the receipt of "A Reader's Gleanings, No. 3, 4, and 5." No. 2, he received two weeks ago, and has had it under consideration: the feudal policy of which it treats, is so generally understood, that it would perhaps be as well to pass it. These latter numbers, however, treat of a subject so universally interesting, as will claim early attention, and for which he presents his thanks to H. I. E.

Other communications received this week will be faithfully attended to.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrivals of last month, the friends of humanity were cheered with the prospect of peace in Europe, notwithstanding the blood and carnage that preceded it. This prospect, however, seems AGAIN clouded, by the receipt of the following extracts of letters, per the ship *Magnet*, which arrived at New-York, on the 13th inst. in 38 days from Cadiz.

CADIZ, January 27.

"The reports of a general peace have been various and flattering during the last week; but the post of this day has dissipated our hopes. It brings intelligence of 8000 British troops having disembarked at Lisbon, for the purpose of abetting Portugal, who it seems, has positively rejected the conciliatory propositions of this court. In consequence of this intelligence, the Spanish army is now advancing, by forced marches, to the frontiers of Portugal: and two columns of French troops, one amounting to 4000, the other 8000, have actually advanced as far as Bayonne.—While these important movements are going on, General Barnadotte, with an army of 45000, is proceeding against the enemy, by the way of Rousillon.—We are, of course, in hourly expectation of receiving advice of the commencement of hostilities.

"It is understood here, that Great Britain has offered to enter into an armistice for 12 months, on condition that their ambassador shall be admitted to the negotiations in the Congress of Luneville."

Another letter of the same date.

"For some days we have been very sanguine in our expectations of a continental peace; but the opposition of England has not only prevented this desirable event, but also embroiled us with Portugal. Our troops in all directions are marching rapidly against this power—and the French auxiliaries have actually arrived at Bayonne."

January 29, 1801.

"By my respects of the 16th, you will be acquainted with the deplorable state to which this city and the neighbouring towns have been reduced by the epidemical distemper which prevailed this last summer. Thank God, the malady has totally disappeared.—Never was this city, notwithstanding all its losses and disappointments this war, reduced to its present miserable condition.

"The blockade continues with the usual vigilance, and not even a remote prospect of permanent peace on the continent: on the contrary, the contending powers would seem to be inspired anew with the spirit of hostility and destruction."

The Jury in the case of Dr. Reynolds, being unable to agree in a verdict, have been discharged. The prosecution is of course suspended till next term.

Mr. Dawson is appointed to carry out the Treaty to France.

The following advertisement received this week, is suspected to be the production of some male fortune-hunter, perhaps disappointed in his devoirs. The street and number are specified in the original—but these no true knight-errant would wish the editor to disclose.

A YOUNG MAN of a handsome face, good disposition, elegant address, and well made, may meet with a Wife of about 45, with a great fortune, independent of any relations; she would rather prefer one without a fortune; must attend her whenever she goes out. The reason for making application this way is, because she is in a consumption, and does not expect to live long, and therefore has need of a help-mate. Twenty-one would not be old; he shall inherit all her estate, when dead.—

N. B. She is a widow.

For further particulars, apply to A. B. the Lady herself.

Marriages.

MARRIED—By the Rev. Bishop White, Dr. Felix Pascallis, to Miss Elizabeth Harris McKintock, both of this city.

—On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Milldollar, Mr. Samuel Mackey to Miss Rebecca Anderson, both of this city.

—By the Rev. Mr. Milldollar, Mr. John Hutton, to Miss Eliza Baker, daughter of Captain Baker, of the Navy of the U. S.

—By the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. George A. Henry, late of Quebec, to Miss Sarah Barnhill of this City.

—By the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. John Fry, to Miss Patterson, both of this city.

—By the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. James Barkley, Merchant, of this city, to Miss Finlay.

—On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Caldwell, of New-Jersey, to Mrs. Ann Thompson, daughter of the late Wm. Beaven of this city.

Deaths.

DIED—Mrs. Flora Allen, consort of the Rev. Richard Allen, pastor of the African Methodist Church.—Mrs. Allen was formerly a slave in Virginia—her freedom was procured by the Abolition Society of this city. Her prudent conduct and christian virtues, while living, afford a striking proof that the coloured race are not destitute of talents, and only want cultivation and the fostering aid of generous friendship, to bring them into view.

—At Hartford, Connecticut, Uriah Burket aged 72 years. He had the care of the burying ground from May, 1750, and has buried 2,245 persons.

—On Monday the 9th inst. after a lingering illness, JOSEPH RUSSEL, Merchant, of this city, in the 70th year of his age.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO QUIDNUNC QUERIST.

OF all vexatious things in mortal life,
(‘Bating, alas! a noisy scolding wife!’)
It is the worst, when placid slumbers close
My waking eyes, to break the sweet repose.
Ha! caitiff! tremble—vengeance sweeps
the strings;

Parnassian vengeance—Heliconian stings!
If pity ever touch’d a breast like thine,
Think how replete with misery is mine:
Not with more bitterness did Dido weep,
When ‘good Æneas launch’d into the deep.

The rage of scrib’ling happily suppress’d,
The *mania* cur’d, and all within at rest,
To wake again the ever direful theme,
And rouse me, phrenzied, from the sweet-
est dream:—

It is too much!—yet it is not too late,
Ungenerous elf, to *poetize* your fate.

I wish to think no more of plays or
players,
But count my beads, and end the day with
prayers.

If lovely MERRY smile, or frown, or weep,
If some that nameless are, supinely sleep:
If some enrag’d at H. indignant roar,
And others looking on, shout out “*encore*,”
If Harlequino’s tricks engross renown,
And dancing hero’s only charm the town;
What is’t to me?—a quiet life I seek,
Resolv’d in future to be mute and meek.
Then seek not thou to violate my rest,
Let me in Morpheus’ soft embrace be
bless’d.

SIMON.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ODE TO THE MORNING.

O! Thou who wrap’st the infant day
In varied robe of blushing gray,
Whose dewy tresses wreath’d with light,
Wave bright’ning o’er the mountain’s
height;
Who wak’st the vap’ry-skirted vale
To songful life, fair Morning hail!
Yok’d with bonds of beamy red,
The blushing hours and pleasures lead
Thy journey ear, while the young ray
Gilds softly o’er the op’ning day,
And lights upon the dew-prest flow’r,
The pouring stream, or ivied tow’r.
Lo! Zephyr now thy wandering child,
Couching amid the violets wild,

Bathes his young wings in scented dews,
And brisk his fragrant toil renews,
Sweeps lightly o’er the breathing scene
And wakens all his breezy train.
Go airy band, swift speed away,
Collect each dawning charm of day,
Each luscious sweet insat’ate sip,
And pour it on my Julia’s lip.
Light as her morning dreams repair,
Throng gently round my slumb’ring fair;
Soft on her pillow whispering stand,
Say that e’er morn’s orient hand
Had painted gay the fields of light,
Cold dripping with the damps of night,
Pensive beside this desert stream
Ive sigh’d and call’d on Julia’s name.

A. B.

TO A ROSE BUSH,

PLANTED BY A DECEASED FRIEND.

ROB’D in the mantle of luxuriant spring,
To thee the village nymphs for chaplets sue,
O’er thee the bee extends his filmy wing,
Inhales thy sweets and drinks thy nectar’d
dew.

From his high throne the flaming lord of
day, (power;
Pours on thy bursting germs his fervid
While Zephyr pleas’d among thy leaves to
play, (flower.
Casts thy soft fragrance on each meaner

Thy foliage shall again salute the skies,
Thou shalt not languish long in winter’s
gloom,
But lifeless still thy honour’d planter lies,
The beams of summer cannot pierce the
tomb.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A RIDDLE.

MY parent bred me to the sea,
I’ve been where never man can be;
Long time I rang’d the ocean wide,
And all the rage of storms def’d.
Though low’ring clouds obscur’d the sky,
And foaming billows mounted high;
Though winds with utmost fury blew,
And thunder roll’d, and lightning flew:
Waves, wind and thunder, all in vain,
Oppos’d my passage through the main.
At length my parent died, and I
On shore would needs my fortune try.
I left the sea, grew fond of show,
Dress’d neat, and soon became a beau.
My body’s taper, tall and straight,
I chiefly dwell among the great;
Am, like a bridegroom, clad in white,
And much the ladies I delight—

Attends when Chloe goes to rest,
Chloe is by my presence blest;
Nor ghost, nor goblin can she fear,
Nor midnight hag, if I am near.
No more a seaman bold and rough,
I shine at balls, am fond of snuff;
To gay assemblies I repair,
And make a flaming figure there.

At last a burning fever came,
That quite dissolv’d my tender frame;
I wasted fast—light-headed grew,
Of all my friends, not one I knew.
Great drops of sweat ran down my side,
And I, alas! by inches died.

BARROW.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. —, TO HIS BED.

THOU bed in which I first began
To be that various creature, MAN;
And when again the fates decree
The place where I must cease to be:
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To soothe my pain, and close my eye;
When cares surround me, where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep;
When sore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort;
Where too, ecstatic joys I find,
When deigns my Celia to be kind,
And full of love in all her charms,
Thou givest the fair one to my arms.
The centre thou where joy and pain,
Disease and rest alternate reign.

Instructive emblem of mankind;
In whom those opposites are join’d.
Oh if within thy little space,
So many different scenes have place,
And man convinc’d by thee alone,
This great important truth shall own,
That this partition do divide,
The bounds where good and ill reside;
That nought is perfect here below,
But bliss still borders upon woe.

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the office, No. 51, South Third-street, price
6½ cents each number, payable every four
weeks; or three dollars a year to those who
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